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DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

MATT MURDOCK
SPENDS SOME
TIME...

AVENGERS
ASSEMBLE!

A30TH

30 YEARS
1963-1993

...UNDERGROUND!

A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT STOLE HIS SIGHT, BUT, INCREDIBLY, IT ENDOWED YOUNG MATT MURDOCK WITH RADAR VISION AND HEIGHTENED SENSES. ARMED ONLY WITH HIS ATHLETIC PROWESS, BILLY CLUB, AND INDOMITABLE COURAGE, MATT BATTLES INJUSTICE AS A CRIMSON-CLAD GLADIATOR!

STAN
LEE
PRESENTS:

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

FARE PLAY

DUG INTO THE CONCRETE LAND-
SCAPE OF THE CITY, 1,950
STAIRWAYS LEAD DOWN INTO
469 SUBWAY STATIONS.

231 MILES OF TRACK STRETCH
BETWEEN THOSE LONELY
OUTPOSTS, RUNNING DEEP
BENEATH THE FIVE BOROUGH--

--AND CARRYING AN
AVERAGE OF 3,760,000
PEOPLE A DAY.

IT'S EASY TO SEE AN
INDIVIDUAL BECOME
FORGOTTEN AMONG
THOSE KIND OF
SOULLESS NUMBERS.

WHICH IS WHY A CERTAIN
BLIND MAN KEEPS
AN EYE OUT FOR LOST
SOULS RIDING THE
MASS TRANSIT.

A story under and
about NYC

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-- Ha!Sa -- non duplicate --

COLUMBUS CIRCLE STATION.
2:17 P.M., TUESDAY.



THE NAME'S 'DADDY
DO-RIGHT'--

--DO RIGHT BY
HIM, HE'LL DO
RIGHT BY YOU--



--DOING NOTHING TO
CHANGE THE FACT THAT,
IN THE BIG APPLE FOOD
CHAIN, DADDY'S A
BOTTOM FEEDER.



THIS PARTICULAR
VARIETY
BEING "TOKEN
SUCKER."

ONE PART JAMMING-
UP INSIDE THE
TURNSTILE SLOT...



...TWO PARTS APPLIED
LUNG POWER.

A FINAL SPIT AND
POLISH--

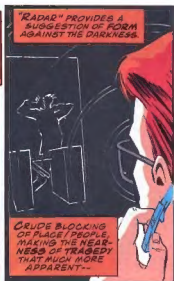
--MORE SPIT
THAN ANYTHING--

--AND IT'S A BUCK-
AN'-A-QUARTER
EQUIVALENT FOR
PERSONAL USE
OR PROFESSIONAL
REBATE.



SOMEWHAT HIGHER UP THE
EVOLUTIONARY LADDER,
ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK
"WATCHES" THE GALLIVANT
ACTION--

--NOT WITH EYES, THOSE
BEING LONG-DEAD FROM A
CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT--





HRAKKGG

BUT MURDOCK HAS A HARD-WON LIFE BEYOND THE MASK THAT DOESN'T NEED UN-WARRANTED SPECULATION.

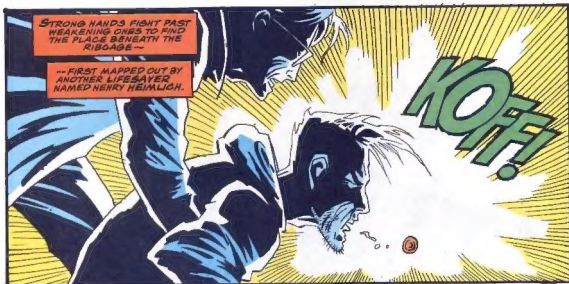
AND MAKING ALLOWANCES FOR HIS DISABILITY IS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR PROTECTING THAT HALF OF HIS IDENTITY.



A STREET-TOUGHENED NEW YORKER'S INITIAL RESPONSE AT PHYSICAL CONTACT IS RESISTANCE.

HOLD STILL, I'M TRYING TO HELP!

KOFF!



STRONG HANDS FIGHT FAST WEAKENING ONES TO FIND THE PLACE BENEATH THE RIBCAGE --

-- FIRST MAPPED OUT BY ANOTHER LIFESAVER NAMED HENRY HEIMLICH.



YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT NOW... JUST TAKE IT SLOW!

DONE... YOU DONE RIGHT BY ME, MAN...



I'LL DO YOU ANOTHER! TAKE UP WALKING...

...IT'S BETTER FOR YOUR HEALTH!



LEXINGTON AVENUE &
51ST STREET STATION.
11:24 P.M., THURSDAY.

A NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE
CITY LIGHTS DON'T OUT-
SHINE THE NIGHT SKY,
AND A GRANDKID CAN BE
TAUGHT TO WISH UPON A
STAR.

NOTHING IS SAFE
IN THE BIG CITY.

AND THE STARS HAVE
NO PLACE IN THIS
DARKNESS BELOW
GROUND.

WAITING FOR THE QUEENS
TRAIN, THEODORA JASINE
FORCES HERSELF TO THINK
ABOUT WHAT'S AT THE FAR
END OF THE RIVER TUNNEL.

A FAMILY WAITING FOR
THEIR HARDWORKING MOM
TO RETURN TO THE TO-
GETHERNESS AND SAFETY
OF HOME.

HYPERSENSIVES AREN'T
NEEDED TO MAKE THE
PICTURE CLEAR, JUST THE
POSITIONS.

AN IMAGE AND RITUAL
CARRIED OVER FROM OLD
JUNGLE TO THE NEW.

PREDATORS
CIRCLING PREY.

AND SOMEWHERE OUT OF
LEFT FIELD, A LAWYER-
GUM-KNIGHT-ERRANT--

-- WITH A TALENT FOR
TILTING AT WINDMILLS.

GRANDMA CAN WAIT!
WE GONNA PASS
THIS UP?

OF WAITING
RIGHT! NEXT
THING, YOU'LL
WANNA START
WORKIN' FOR
A LIVIN'!

KLATER

CLUMSY--

--OOF!



4TH AVENUE STATION,
BROOKLYN.
2:34 P.M., FRIDAY.

BEFORE THE FIRST CRY OF
LABOR PAIN, HE KNEW.

SCENTING THE WOMAN'S BODY
CHEMISTRY SHIFTING INTO HIGH GEAR.

TRACKING THE MOVEMENT
OF THE CHILD WITHIN.

THE MOTORMAN'S JAW FELL OPEN
WITH AN AUDIBLE "CRACK" AS HE
CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE "WHY" BEHIND
THE BRAKE CORD BEING PULLED...

...THE MAN HYPERVENTILATING
MORE THAN THE MOTHER-TO-
BE AS HE CAME TO HELP.

I CAN'T...
IT'S BRAND
NEW...

BUT IT WAS THE LAWYER
ASSISTING IN THE
DELIVERY ITSELF.

HANDS TOO OFTEN USED
AS HARSH TOOLS IN AN
INNER-CITY QUEST FOR
MONEY BECAME
GENTLE GUIDES...

...TREMBLING AT
THE DELICATE
TOUCH OF THE
WONDER OF LIFE.

MIRACLES AREN'T
PARTICULAR ABOUT
TIME OR PLACE.



FOCUSED HYPERSENSES
HEAR TINY NAIRS ON HER
HAND TORN AWAY AS FLESH
SCRAPES METAL RIMMING
THE BAG & OPENING.



RADAR LOOKS ONTO TWO
DIMENSIONS OF STEEL
POISED TO BRUT INTO
3-D WORTH OF VIOLENCE.



IT'S HAPPENED BECAUSE
OF LESS IN THE CITY
THAT NEVER SLEEPS--

-- EXHAUSTION DRIVING
ITS MEN AND WOMEN
OVER THE EDGE.



MATT,
WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
TO DO?!

ONLY...
NOTHING.

NOW TELL
HIM WHEN--

--OH GOD--



IT'S LADY
FU MANCHU!



CONFUCIUS
SAY, MOVE
OUR SORRY
BACKSIDES!

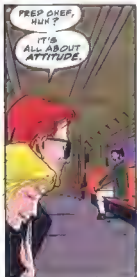
NEXT CAR!



SHE WAS CLEANING
BLOOD OUTTA HER
NAILS! AND YOU SEE
THE WAY SHE WAS
LOOKIN'?

PREP OKEF,
HUK?

IT'S
ALL ABOUT
ATTITUDE.



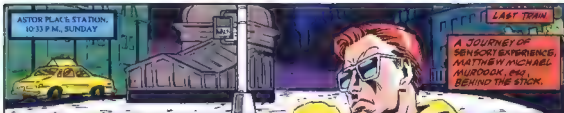
A MAN WITH A LITTLE
KNOWLEDGE IS A
DANGEROUS THING



THE "R" TRAIN CONTINUES
ITS UPTOWN RUMBLE
ALONG THE LOCAL TRACK,
CARRYING CINDY ZWAN TO
HER CAT AND HER BATH--



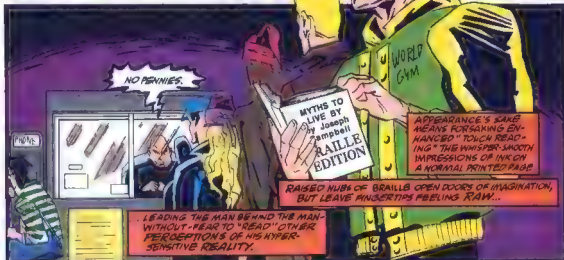
--AND KEEPING SAFE ITS
SECRETS TO SCORING
PERSONAL SPACE IN A
CITY OF 8 MILLION PLUS.



ASTOR PLACE STATION,
10:33 P.M., SUNDAY

LAST TRAIN

A JOURNEY OF
SENSORY EXPERIENCE,
MATTHEW MICHAEL
MURDOCK, aka
BEHIND THE MASK.



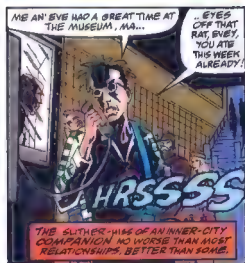
NO PENNIES.

MYTHS TO
LIVE BY
by Joseph
Campbell
BRAILLE
EDITION

APPEARANCE'S SAKE
MEANS FORSAKING EN-
HANCED "TOUCH READ-
ING" THE WHISPER-SMOOTH
IMPRESSIONS OF INK ON
A NORMAL PRINTED PAGE

RAISED HUBS OF BRAILLE OPEN DOORS OF IMAGINATION,
BUT LEAVE FINGERTIPS FEELING RAW...

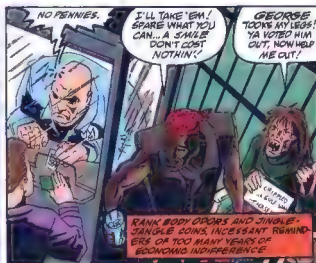
LEADING THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK-
WITHOUT-FAIR TO "READ" OTHER
PERCEPTIONS OF HIS HYPER-
SENSITIVE REALITY.



ME AN' EVE HAD A GREAT TIME AT
THE MUSEUM, MA...

...EYES
OFF THAT
RAT, EVEY,
YOU ATE
THIS WEEK
ALREADY!

THE SUTHER-HISS OF AN INNER-CITY
COMPANION NO WORSE THAN MOST
RELATIONSHIPS, BETTER THAN SOME.



NO PENNIES.

I'LL TAKE 'EM!
SPARE WHAT YOU
CAN... A SMILE
DON'T COST
NOTHIN'!

GEORGE
TOOK MY LEGS!
YA VOTED HIM
OUT, NOW HELP
ME OUT!

RANK BODY ODORS AND JINGLE-
JANGLE COINS, INCESSANT REMIN-
DERS OF TOO MANY YEARS OF
BOONING INDIFFERENCE



IT'S TOO
CROWDED,
LOU!

ADRENALINE WAFTS
DOWN THE STAIRS, SHARP
AND BITTER AND CARRY-
ING A WARNING.

JUST MORE TO PANIC!
TIME THEY GET THEIR HEADS
ON STRAIGHT, WE'LL BE
LONG GONE!



TRUST ME, BOBBY..

HEEEO? ANYTIME NOW!

I'VE GOT CLASS UPTOWN IN TWENTY, I DON'T NEED THIS WAITING AROUND!

RADAR REACHES OUT, REFLECTING MOTION FLITTING AGAINST ENDLESS ROWS OF COLUMNS



ORDINARY TUBES OF METAL STROBING INTO THE EXOTIC.

NEW YORKS
ONE AND ONLY
CAN MAN
2200
ORIGINAL
SCULPTURE \$5

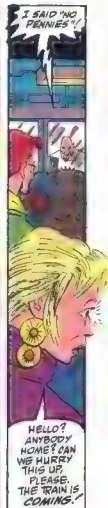
I AM... THE CAN MAN!
BRINGING ART TO THE
LEXINGTON AVENUE LINE
FOR 15 YEARS, NEW YORK'S
ONE AND ONLY... CAN MAN!



JUS' NEED 'NUFF TA GET BACK... COUPLA DOLLARS... FIX MY SHIP!

MARS
AIN'T AS FAR
AS EVERYBODY
THINK...

OTHERWORLDLY FORMS
TRAPPED IN A LURCH-STEP
OF BOTH FEET ON THE
GROUND

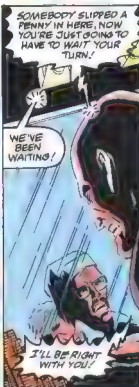


I SAID 'NO PENNIES''!

HELLO?
ANYBODY HOME?
CAN WE HURRY
THIS UP,
PLEASE.
THE TRAIN IS
COMING!

LOUIE, YOU SURE
NO ONE'S GONNA
MESS?

BOBBIE, BABE, THINK
ABOUT IT... THIS IS NEW
YORK!



TOUCH AND TASTE, SOUND AND
SMELL COLLIDING WITH THE
SENSORIUM.

TRAINING PLOTTING THE
COURSE OF ACTION TO
KEEP THEM ALL FROM
CRASHING INTO EACH
OTHER.

OUTS THE
WAY!

HEY, I WAS
HERE FIRST!

READY?

OH, YEAH!

ROLL
YOUR STANKY
BACKSIDE
TO A SHELTER,
SKANK!

GUESS YOU'VE
ACCOMPLISHED
SOMETHIN' IN LIFE,
THEN, HUH?

TREAT
ME RIGHT
YOU SMART
MOUTH SOB. I
FREW CRUISE
MISSILES
FOR YOUR
SORRY SELF
IN KUWAIT!

PUT ON A
HAPPY FACE!

SMILIN' EVEN MORE
ONCE WE GOT CASH
IN HAND!

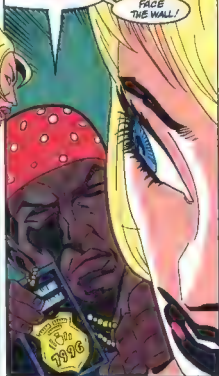
I'LL BE RIGHT
WITH YOU...



THE TAXPAYERS' KIND, LADY--
N.Y.R.D.!

FACE
THE WALL!

WHAT KIND
OF GOOD
SAMARITAN
BALONEY
IS THIS?!

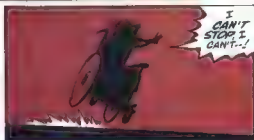


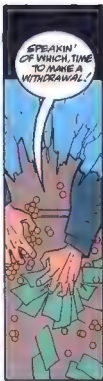
SORRY,
NEED SOME-
THIN' OFFICIAL...
PROCEDURE!



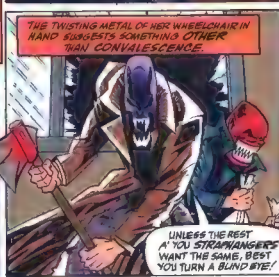
IN A CITY FULL OF COPICATS,
THERE'S STILL ROOM TO BE AN
ORIGINAL!

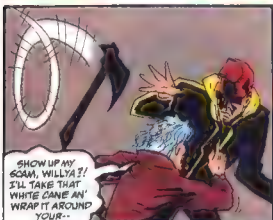
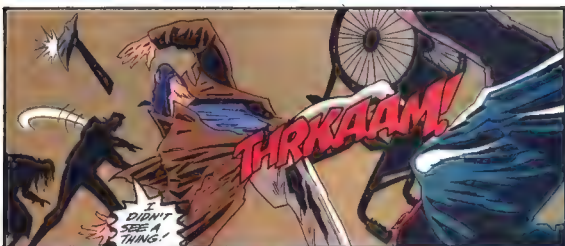
NEW YORK'S ONE AND ONLY...
CAN MAN!





A DISTINCTIVE HEARTBEAT MARKS THE "WAR VET" AS THE SAME BEGGAR WALKING FROM CARTO CAR ON THE R-TRAIN LAST WEEK.







GRAVITY...
OUTTA
CONTROL!

ONE STOP SHOPPING
FOR HOME AND OFFICE!
GIFTS TO LOVED ONES
AND YOURSELF!



I'M BEING
PULLED
OUTTA ORBIT!



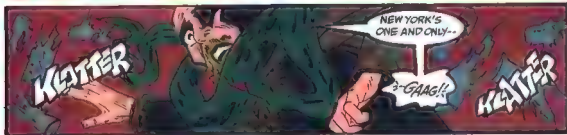
SOMETHIN'S GOIN'
ON, MA, I DON'T
KNOW WHAT--

--EVE!

EXCUSE
ME, DO YOU
MIND?



MAKE
UP FOR THAT
THING WITH THE
APPLE, LITTLE
LADY!



NEW YORK'S
ONE AND ONLY--

GAAG!!



FORCED
LANDING!

LET'S STAY COOL, MAN,
I GOT MY BADGE
RIGHT--

**BLAM
BLAM**

HE'S
REACHING!

GET
DOWN!

HE'S
BOUGHT
IT!

THE SHOTS COME ON TOP
OF EACH OTHER SO FAST
EVEN HYPERSENSITIVES
CAN'T SEPARATE THEM
OUT

SIX FROM A SERVICE
REVOLVER,

FIFTEEN FROM THE BARREL
OF A SEW- AUTOMATIC GLOCK,
PUT IN THE HANDS OF COPS TO
EVEN THE SCALES AGAINST
HEAVILY ARMED CRIMINALS

**BLAM
BLAM
BLAM**

MAYBE 60

AND MAYBE JUST
MORE BULLETS
TO FIRE UNTIL THE
CHAMBER'S EMPTY

THREE FIND THEIR
MISGUIDED TARGET...

THWOK
THWOK
THWOK



YOU JUST
BOUGHT
YOURSELF
A WORLD OF
TROUBLE,
PAL!

NOT
HIM,
CHARLEY--
US!

...BEFORE A LENGTH OF WOOD
DOES WHAT LITTLE IT CAN TO SET
THE BALANCE RIGHT.



THAT'S DAVE MAKALY,
FROM THE PRISON! HE
MUST'VE BEEN UNDER-
COVER!

I DIDN'T
KNOW... THEY
ALL LOOK... I
THOUGHT IT WAS
JUST ANOTHER...



PRETENSE IS FORGOTTEN IN A RACE TO DISCOVER WHAT'S BEHIND THE FALLEN COP'S GASPS FOR AIR.



COMPASSIONATE HANDS SEARCH FOR WOUNDS...



...AND SHAKE WITH RELIEF AT THE ROUGH TEXTURE OF BODY ARMOR.

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME NASTY BRUISES, OFFICER.



BETTER THAT... THAN THE ALTERNATIVE...
...WHO ARE YOU, MAN?

NOBODY SPECIAL.



NEW YORK NEEDS MORE NOBODIES. THAN... I OWE YOU!

A SMILE DOESN'T COST YOU ANYTHING...



I... I'VE GOT MY D-DOLLAR AND A QUARTER... RIGHT HERE...

...FOR MY T-TOKEN? HELLO?

IN ITS WISDOM, THE TRANSIT AUTHORITY HAS BEEN KNOWN TO WIRE EMERGENCY LIGHTS TO THE 600 VOLT THIRD RAIL.

TURNING OFF THE RAIL DURING AN EMERGENCY WOULD PLUNGE THE ALREADY GRIM TUNNELS INTO UTTER DARKNESS.

TRAPPED IN HIS PRIVATE NIGHT, MATT MURDOCK KNOWS THAT CERTAIN THINGS ARE BEST SUITED TO WEARING HORNED MASKS AND CARRYING BILLY CLUBS.

AT THE SAME TIME, HE CARRIES WITHIN HIMSELF THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THERE'S NOT ALWAYS TIME FOR A COSTUME CHANGE...

...AND THAT HUMANITY IS ABOUT EVERY MAN.

TAXI!

DON'T DEPEND ON SOME FACELESS AUTHORITY TO LIGHT THE WAY NEXT TIME YOU RIDE THE MASS TRANSIT.

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, BOTH FOR YOUR OWN SAKE AND THAT OF THE PASSENGER ONE STRAP DOWN.

NEXT: DAREDEVIL FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MAD, MAD WORLD OF TASKMASTER, TATTER-DEMATION, THE WILD BOYS AND STILTMAN -- YES, STILTMAN! "GREASE ^{THE} WORD" ...IN **30!**

WE'VE BEEN SAYING THIS PIN-UP FOR
SOMETHING SPECIAL, AND SINCE MATT
MURDOCK NEVER DONS HIS CRIMSON
GARB THIS ISSUE...
...WELL, YOU GET THE POINT. ENJOY!
RALF & PAT



DAREDEVIL

K
MANGATA